



## Here's Something New

No more ashes to lug. No clumsy pan to spill dust and dirt on the kitchen floor.

### The Glenwood Ash Chute

solves the problem. It is located just beneath the grate and connected by a sheet iron pipe straight down through the kitchen floor to ash barrel in cellar. No part is in sight. Not a particle of dust can escape. Just slide the damper once each day and drop the ashes directly into the ash barrel.

### The Dust Tight Cover

to barrel is another entirely new Glenwood idea and is very ingenious. The Ash Chute is sold complete with barrel and all connections, as illustrated, at a moderate price to fit any cabinet style Glenwood. This is only one of the splendid improvements of the Plain Cabinet Glenwood Range without ornamentation or fancy nickel. "The Mission Style" Glenwood. Every essential refined and improved upon.

### Up-To-Date Gas Attachments

This Range can be had with the latest and most improved Elevated or End Gas Range attachments. It has a powerful hot water front or for country use a Large Copper Reservoir on the end opposite fire box. It can be furnished with fire box at either right or left of end as ordered. When the Ash Chute cannot be used an Improved Ash Pan is provided.

At Least One-half of All Glenwoods, Are Sold through the enthusiastic recommendation of a satisfied user.

# Cabinet Glenwood

Reynolds & Son, Barre

## THE PLUM HILL RAILROAD

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.

The village of Plum Hill was and is situated fourteen miles from the nearest railroad. To reach it you have to drive the fourteen miles in a wagon. You have to drive over three mountains and two rivers, and the ascent from the outside world is 900 feet. On a certain day not many years ago Plum Hill was quiet. It was serene. There was an ox team standing in front of the only store in the village, and there were two men sitting on the postoffice steps. Nobody apprehended a great excitement—one that was to upset the place and make things bubble. It was a tin peddler who brought the news. He came from the town of Crow Valley, a village just about as big and ten miles away. Crow Valley was the rival of Plum Hill. It had two stores to one, but its altitude was only 808 feet.

The news brought by the peddler was that Crow Valley was moving for a branch line out to the railroad. If she got it—and she was determined to have it—then goodby to the prestige of Plum Hill.

There was hurrying to and fro, and there was public speaking. A branch railroad had been the dream of Plum Hill for years, and now Crow Valley was to step in and steal the reality away.

Squar Latham, the village justice of the peace, nominated himself a committee of one to investigate and report, also to head a subscription list and pass it around. Money would induce the railroad company to construct a branch to Plum Hill, and money it should have. Every Plum Hiller was a patriot to the core.

The Plum Hill Banner took up the matter and printed a double headed editorial. An old picture of a flat car was used to arouse enthusiasm and inflame the public mind. Plum Hill was called upon to defend the breast-works to the last drop of blood. If they stood back and played second fiddle to Crow Valley, then could it be said of them that they were no longer the sons of Bunker Hill.

The day of the mass meeting came. There was an outpouring of the patriots. Flags waved and men cheered. Squar Latham was ready with his figures. He had spent a week figuring. He had got things down pat. A part of the work and the glory must be given to the tin peddler. He had told like a hero. In addition they had driven over to the railroad and consulted with the freight agent, two trackwalkers and a boarding house keeper. The men had given their opinions and estimates on the enterprise. It had been asserted and generally believed that a branch line to Plum Hill, owing to the mountains, would be impossible on account of the cost.

The squar had started out expecting to run up against this objection, but he had some news to communicate—some news to delight, and he could not make the cost of the line over \$3,000 to bring the iron horse snorting and puffing into Plum Hill. That sum could be raised in fifteen minutes. It could be raised then and there—aye, ten times that amount—but he would move among the patriots with a subscription paper and give all a chance. In years to come he wanted every Plum Hiller to have the privilege of pointing to the snorting, puffing locomotive and rolling palace cars and be privileged to say:

"Look at 'em, gentlemen! I helped to do it!"

The meeting adjourned to meet one week later to hear the squar's final report. The boom was on almost before

the motion was put and carried. The merchant began marking up his goods 10 per cent. Various citizens who had been holding the value of their houses and lots at \$900 added on \$400 and walked around with serene countenances. A site for the new depot was selected, and it was generally conceded that Squar Latham would be selected as boss of the new line. Butter went up 2 cents a pound at sunset, but the boom was too sudden, and at midnight there was a drop back to old figures. The price of eggs also wobbled and was unsettled.

For a week the squar canvassed. He made no reports of progress, but it was generally understood that he was being offered millions. It was a week of tension. Even the roosters of Plum Hill crowsed softly. Then there was another coming together of the patriots, a larger gathering than before. Crow Valley was to be wiped off the map of the United States. Squar Latham stood up at the proper moment, and when the hush came he began:

"Fellow citizens, I was appointed to tigger on the cost of this branch line."

"Yes! Yes!"

"I did tigger."

"Bully for you!"

"I tiggered and tiggered and tiggered."

"Hurrah for the squar!"

"I tiggered her at \$3,000."

"Whoop!"

"But I got the danged thing wrong. What she offer be and is \$3,000,000! I somehow dropped three ciphers!"

Gasps of surprise.

"And I was appointed to solicit subscriptions. I have solicited."

"And you got the three millions?"

"Gentlemen, the subscriptions amount to just seven dollars and a half, and I subscribed the 'leven! Has anybody got a suggestion to make?"

Nobody had. Plum Hill is still four teen miles from a railroad, and Crow Valley still has one store the most.

**A SULTAN IN AMERICA.**

Haji Mohammed and Some Amusing Incidents of His Tour.

The most talked of foreigner visiting these shores at present is Haji Mohammed Jamabul Kiram II, the sultan of Sulu, who, with a party of Moros, is now touring America for some modern ideas to introduce into his country. Haji Mohammed started out from his realm in the Philippines to sell several bushels of choice pearls. Some of them he intended to dispose

law—he decided to get rid of all of them in Singapore, Paris and London. Thirty thousand dollars received for one pearl shows that he did passably well.

His highness received a noisy welcome on his sightseeing tour in New York, in which the rising generation took no small part. On one occasion a band of street urchins ran after his carriage shouting: "Welkin to our fair city. Hey, suit, old top, how do you like de great ghettowashed way?" "Suit" liked it very much. He speaks nothing but Suluese, but this sifted into English is what he said when his guides were done with him: "I've seen London, and I've seen Paris, but I never knew they carried a village on the map like this one."

In Washington the sultan was warmly welcomed by army men who have visited his island and was shown about by Colonel Hugh Scott. It was something of a task, however, for his highness has no use for elevators, which he calls the "shoots." In many of the tall buildings visited the sultan insisted on climbing the stairs, his escort and suit being obliged, out of courtesy, to follow.

### COLUMBUS DAY.

Thirteen States Now Honor the Discoverer of America.

Those who enjoy a rest on Oct. 12 can thank the Knights of Columbus. For it was through their untiring efforts that that date has now been made a legal holiday in thirteen states of the



BUST OF COLUMBUS IN WHITE HOUSE.

Union to commemorate the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus.

It was Colorado that took the lead in the matter. On April 1, 1907, both branches of its legislature passed a resolution "setting aside the twelfth day of October each year as a public holiday, to be known as Columbus day." The governor, who was heartily in favor of the measure, signed it immediately and the bill became a law. Other states that have made Columbus day a legal holiday are California, Connecticut, Illinois, Kentucky, Maryland, Massachusetts, Michigan, Missouri, Montana, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania.

It will doubtless surprise many to know that there are no less than twenty-nine statues and monuments to Columbus in America. There are six in Spain and seven in Italy. What is believed to be the first Columbus shaft erected in the United States is that in Baltimore. It is a hundred years old. There is a fine bust of Columbus in the White House at Washington.

In New York, "The woman across the hall from his is dead."

"How did you find that out?"

"Why, I happened to see it in the paper."—Life.

## UNION LEADER A DYNAMITER?

Secretary McNamara of Ironworkers Held

### FOR LOS ANGELES MURDERS

Seized at Union Board Meeting, Charged With Complicity in Blowing Up "Times" Building—Two Other Labor Men Are Arrested.

Indianapolis, April 24.—James F. McNamara, secretary and treasurer of the International Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' association, with headquarters in this city, was arrested late Saturday afternoon on a charge of being connected with the dynamiting of the plant of the Los Angeles Times at Los Angeles last October.

The arrest was made at the national headquarters by Detectives Gerber, Simon and Dugan of the Indianapolis police department.

In the early afternoon an officer from California called on Governor Marshall with requisition papers from the governor of California and the papers were honored by Gov. Marshall and McNamara was taken to the police station.

It was then that he learned that he was charged with murder in connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building on October 1, 1910, and the Llewellyn iron works, Los Angeles, on December 24, 1910.

The arrest was made while the members of the national executive board of the organization were in session at headquarters.

McNamara was arraigned before Judge Collins, who turned him over to James Hossack, a police sergeant of Los Angeles.

Another development in the case was the statement by Detective Burns that he has under arrest in Chicago J. B. McNamara, alias Bryce, a brother to James J. McNamara, and Otis McMonigal, who are charged with being accessories in the dynamiting outrages at Los Angeles.

Burns says that J. B. McNamara actually set off the dynamite charges at Los Angeles in the case of the Times office and killed twenty-one persons.

James J. McNamara lives at 2,934 Washington boulevard and has been a leader of organized labor for a number of years.

The police here will undertake to connect the alleged perpetrators of the Los Angeles dynamiting with similar outrages in this city and at several other places.

Members of the national board were detained by the police and were not permitted to leave the building with the exception of H. S. Hockin of Detroit, who accompanied McNamara to the police station. The other members of the board are F. M. Ryan of Chicago, national president of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers and chairman of the board; H. W. Legleiter of Pittsburgh, P. A. Cooley of New Orleans, P. A. Clancy of San Francisco, M. J. Young of Boston and J. L. Butler of Buffalo.

After the police had taken McNamara away, detectives made a thorough search of the headquarters of the organization. They inspected all correspondence, letters, papers, records, books and everything else they could find, but no one would say anything about the work.

The board members were detained while this investigation was in progress. Detective Burns, Superintendent of Police Hyland and Chief of Detectives Hiltz, found 17 sticks of dynamite and two quart cans of nitro-glycerine Saturday night in a barn near Indianapolis, owned by T. H. Jones, a structural iron worker, which Jones says were placed there last January by McNamara.

Burns says Otto McNamara, who was arrested in Detroit Friday, told him where the explosives could be found, and it was upon this information that the search was made Saturday night. The dynamite and nitro-glycerine were found buried under sawdust in the barn.

Jones, the owner of the barn, said the explosives were placed there last January, and that McNamara and other men made various trips to the barn with suit cases, but he did not know the purpose of their visits. Jones says that McNamara rented the barn and paid him \$25 a month for its use. It is about three-quarters of a mile west of Indianapolis.

Police Judge James A. Collins issued a search warrant empowering Detective Burns and the Indianapolis police to go into the national offices of the union to hunt for explosives or documents as evidence. A lock expert will be taken with the detectives, and if the combination of the big safe in the union's office cannot be obtained, the safe will be broken into.

In searching the basement of the building where the union's offices are situated the officers found 64 sticks (about 60 pounds) of dynamite, 200 feet of fuse, 500 dynamite caps, one dozen small alarm clocks and a leather case made to carry a 10-pound can of nitro-glycerine.

The custodian of the building in which are the offices of the Iron Workers' association told the police Saturday, they said, McNamara had asked him for permission to build the compartment in the basement in which explosives were discovered Saturday night. Here the police said old books and letter files of the association were found, piled indiscriminately about four bundles of dynamite.

A police sergeant guarded the dynamite all Saturday night and yesterday, pending its removal. Business men whose offices are in the building or in neighboring buildings, made indignation protests to the police against the great quantity of explosives being permitted to remain in the business center of the city.

The police yesterday made another trip to the barn, three-quarters of a mile west of Indianapolis, said to have been rented by John J. McNamara of D. J. Jones, where 17 sticks of dynamite and two quart cans of nitro-glycerine were found Saturday night, and questioned Jones, who is a structural iron worker. Jones denied having any knowledge of the explosives.

"My God! I didn't know there was dynamite in the barn," he said. "They couldn't have rented the barn if I had known they intended storing dynamite

## Gold Dust Does more than clean

Your pots, pans, kettles, dishes, knives, and other utensils need more than mere cleaning. Soap and water simply clean the surface.

GOLD DUST not only cleanses but sterilizes—it drives out every bit of dirt or hidden germs which are bound to lurk in oft-used utensils. It will leave your kitchen things not only clean, but sanitariously safe.

GOLD DUST will enable you to do your work more quickly, save your strength, and give you better results than soap or any other cleanser.

GOLD DUST is sold in 50 size and large packages. The large package offers greater economy.

"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"

there. I haven't slept a wink since it was found and stood guard over the barn all night."

A message received here last night from Tiffin, N. Y., whether Detective W. J. Burns, who led the raid on the offices of the International Association of Bridge and Structural Iron Workers, here last night, yesterday, asserted that a cache holding between 300 and 400 pounds of dynamite was found there.

The detectives said the dynamite was contained in a rough wooden box and hidden in a shed in the rear of the home of James McManis, father of Otis E. McManis, one of the men indicted in connection with the Los Angeles Times building explosion, who was arrested at Detroit and is now being taken to Los Angeles.

Declaring that the police had "kidnaped" J. J. McNamara and that the finding of dynamite in a compartment belonging to the offices of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers' union was not proof of McNamara's guilt, because detectives had "created" evidence against labor unions, Frank M. Ryan, president of the Iron Workers' association last night issued a formal public statement on behalf of himself and the executive board. He declared that the organization is "emphatically opposed to the use of any explosive for the destruction of life and property in labor disputes," and asked the public to withhold judgment in the case until the facts are known.

When asked in Indianapolis, two days after its occurrence, to tell what he thought about the Los Angeles explosion, Mr. McNamara said that if any person had intentionally caused the explosion, it could not be justified. "Such an act is anarchy, pure and simple," he said. "No sane individual or organization would resort to anything of the kind under any circumstances. I do not believe the labor unions had anything to do with it."

MAKES ALLEGED CONFESSION. One Man Tells of the Operations of the Alleged Dynamiters.

Chicago, April 24.—Captain Stephen W. Wood, chief of the Chicago detective bureau, said last night that a full confession had been obtained from one of the men arrested in Detroit, in connection with the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times building.

The alleged confession is said to cover 90 typewritten pages and to relate to the movements of the men now under arrest and to others sought by detectives.

According to Captain Wood, it describes in detail the dynamiting of buildings, railroad trains and factories where conflicts between union and non-union labor existed. The loss of many lives and the destruction of property valued at almost \$2,000,000 are said to be detailed.

Fighting Frost to Save Fruit.

It was in the nature of a revelation when in 1908 some experimenting growers in Colorado began what was characterized as a theoretical attempt to heat all out-door. There was much jesting and skepticism about the ridiculous idea of warming up a whole orchard with little firepots, but the experimenters were not to be discouraged.

The frost came, one of the worst in the history of the state, and the only crops produced were those on the small experimental areas that had been heated. There was an immediate rush to get on the "smudging" wagon. All through the West in Oregon, California, Montana, Iowa, Missouri, and Florida, heaters are being shipped as fast as they can be manufactured. Frost fighting has been developed into a genuine insurance. Heating a large part of the outdoors community has been proven eminently practical. The advanced fruit grower now knows that even a heavy freeze such as destroyed millions in fruit, cotton, grain and other growing things can be neutralized so as to insure practically full crops every year. The fruit growers of the Grand River valley learned their lesson after the loss of millions in successive frost attacks, but they learned it well. The twenty-five hundred carloads of fruit that went out of Mesa, county, alone last fall testify to the thoroughness with which they operated in one of the severest of late springs. It is estimated by government authorities that from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000 has been lost annually to the fruit growers by reason of frost and freezing weather. Careful and methodical orchard heating has saved a large percentage of this in the fruit areas where heating has been generally adopted.

The orchard heating committee of Colorado fruit growers estimates that \$4,000,000 was saved to the growers of that state alone in 1909. For as many as five years in succession in many fruit growing communities the crop has been either totally or partially destroyed. From the Tropics to the Tropics from May Technical World Magazine.

## CRITICISM TURNS FRIENDS

Number of Members of Senate for Lorimer

### ARE READY TO DESERT HIM

Gamble of South Dakota Hotly Assailed for Vote—Crane, Bailey, Paynter Simons Among Those Hearing from Their Constituents.

Washington, April 24.—Although a reopening of the Lorimer case is not expected for some time, or until the legislative investigation at Springfield ends, it has become generally known that a number of senators who voted for the exoneration of Mr. Lorimer would welcome a reasonable opportunity for reversing their attitude. New evidence and another inquiry would enable them to change their position.

Many senators have received unmistakable intimations that their constituents are much aroused because of their votes in favor of Mr. Lorimer. The most violent manifestations of hostility on this account has come from South Dakota and is directed against Mr. Gamble, who, as a member of the committee on privileges and elections, assisted in making an investigation of the charges of bribery and corruption in connection with the election of Mr. Lorimer. He has been so bitterly assailed and his return so imperiled that in self-defense, it is understood, he would not object to a reversal of the verdict. The people of Massachusetts have made it plain to Senator Crane that they do not approve of his course in voting for the exoneration of Mr. Lorimer. Formal complaints have been sent to him by some of the religious organizations of the state. His reply in each instance has been to transmit a copy of the evidence taken, with a suggestion that it be carefully read.

Possible opposition in Texas does not worry Senator Bailey in the least. He has from the beginning declared that no other verdict was admissible under the law and precedents. He does not seek an opportunity for changing his vote.

Senator Paynter of Kentucky is in a rather awkward predicament. Much opposition already existed to his reelection and it has been greatly intensified by anti-Lorimer sentiment in his state. His defense will be justification under the evidence.

Senator Simmons is not apprehensive of the consequences following his vote for Lorimer. He will fight criticism in North Carolina on the ground that no other just course could have been taken.

Senators from other states declare that the strength of public sentiment against them because of their Lorimer votes cannot be accurately measured here. They affect to believe that at this distance from home it is vastly exaggerated and will soon disappear. They profess to not be uneasy over possible retirement from public life.

### SCATTERING GOLF.

Links in Jungles, Chinese Graveyards, and Earthquake-Shaken India.

As every one is well aware, the Briton takes his sports with him wherever he goes. In some out-of-the-way corner of the globe you will see a man arrayed in a sketchy costume laboriously picking up stones from a patch of ground, or a tennis court, and he will enjoy the games played under such adverse conditions even more than an exciting match on the best of grounds at home.

But golfers who indulge in their favorite pastime at the uttermost ends of the earth regard exciting interludes as a part of the game. There are links in the northern portion of South Africa, where one eye has to be kept on the ball while the other looks around for any stray lion that may be about. Deadly snakes are another form of peril that some golfers have to face.

A player at Sydney once drove a ball into a hole, and when he tried to pick it out drew forth a snake instead. A portion of the links at Tientsin are reported to consist of a Chinese graveyard, although this is denied to be the case by the Chinese who do not like foreigners to interfere with their graves, and in any case playing among tombs seems rather a gruesome pastime. In India earthquakes have to be reckoned with. Most golfers have heard of the famous game in which a movement of the earth severely handicapped the player, who had all but won a certain hole. He got to within a foot of the hole, whereas his opponent could get no nearer than three yards. The latter played first, and, as he approached for a putt, to his astonishment the balls that had stopped dead, began to move, his own kindly rolling towards the hole and eventually falling in, while the better-placed ball went in the opposite direction, and did not stop until it had rolled some four yards away.—London Globe.

Cured After Suffering for Two Years.

Dear Doctor's Daughter: I am glad of the opportunity to tell others what your Stomach-Rite tablets have done for me. I suffered with indigestion and gas for two years—used all kinds of remedies, but nothing even relieved me until I used your medicine. I can now eat anything I please, enjoy it and have no trouble. Very truly yours, F. B. MEADE.

122 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

A Cure for All Forms of Stomach Trouble.

Dear Doctor's Daughter: We have used your Stomach-Rite in our family for some time and find it most valuable not only as a remedy, but as a cure for all forms of stomach trouble.

F. D. BURDICK, R. I.

195 Mauran Ave., East Providence, R. I.

The Best Testimony for STOMACH-RITE is STOMACH-RITE use it for all Stomach and Liver Troubles

Druggist: BURT H. WELLS, Barre, Vt.

160 No. Main Street, Barre, Vt.

## A LONG NEW YEAR CALL

A Story of New Amsterdam By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

New Year's day, or the custom of making calls, was brought from Holland. Calling on that day was discontinued a generation ago, and if old Father Knickerbocker should come back on Jan. 1 he wouldn't know what to think.

The housewife was accustomed once a week to open her parlor, scrub it, sweep it, dust it, and, having removed every speck of dirt, shut it up, lock it, put away the key and leave it till the next cleaning day, when the process was renewed.

Now, there lived in New Amsterdam a Dutchman of the name of Heinrich Van Olden, whose daughter, Annake, was the pride of his heart. She was a plump maiden of some eighteen summers, looking for all the world in her dozen petticoats like a tea ball, her bust forming the handle and all below the waist the ringing part. Her mother was a frugal woman who, having married a poor man, found herself obliged to seek a home in a new country instead of living in luxury in an old one. Consequently she arranged a match between her daughter and Peter Van Vrankin, who was thirty-six, if he was a day, and far too old for a maiden only half his age. "For," the girl reasoned, "when I am as old as he is now he will twice my age, or seventy-two, and when I am seventy-two he will be a hundred and forty-four."

Frau Van Olden was not sufficiently bright to contravert this mathematical demonstration, but she insisted on the match all the same, declaring that it would be an advantage, since Van Vrankin would likely die long before his wife, leaving her his property and years of independence.

The last New Year's day before the English relieved the New Amsterdam Dutchman from governing themselves and changed the name of the town to New York was being celebrated as usual. Every housewife's parlor was open to the friends of the family, and many bottles of Scheidam schnapps were set up for callers.

Well, that night, after every Dutchman in New Amsterdam had called on every Dutchwoman living under the shadow of the fort, Frau Ten Eyck was greatly worried because her son Hellegar didn't come home. Though at 9 o'clock every light in the town had been put out, the young man had not turned up. His father went out to ring the fire bell, and when those sleepy watchmen who responded came, each with his bucket, Ten Eyck told them that his son was missing and he feared the youngster had fallen in the pond where the Tombs now stands or been spirited away by some Indians who had been drinking schnapps during the day on the bowling green.

Every Dutchman said "Jah!" and went back to bed.

For a week the people of New Amsterdam hunted high and low for young Ten Eyck. The pond was dragged, the wood beyond that wall which gave its name to the financial center of America was searched, and the slips on the East and Hudson rivers were watched with the expectation that the body might rise. But no Hellegar Ten Eyck appeared.

One week from New Year's day Frau Van Olden unlocked the door of her parlor and, with broom, brush and duster, entered it for the purpose of giving it the periodical cleaning. Over the banister on the floor above her daughter, Annake, was looking down upon her anxiously. The housewife was engaged in raising as large a cyclone of dust as possible. Her daughter, listening to the swish of her broom and the rolling of the furniture as it was moved to uncover the dry, heard her mother give a shriek.

The cry acted as a spur on the girl, who ran down the stairs and into the parlor. The missing Hellegar Ten Eyck was crawling out from under a sofa, while the housewife stood, broom in hand, regarding him with infinite surprise.

"Are you living or dead?" asked Frau Van Olden.

The young man looked piteously at Annake.

"Mother," said the girl, "Hellegar was calling here on New Year's evening. Just before 9 o'clock I left him to go for something I wished to give him, and while I was gone you entered."

"I hid behind the sofa," interrupted the young man. "You came in, blew out the candles and, going out, locked the door. I have been here ever since."

"Why didn't you knock?" asked the frau. "How dare you live here a week without food?"

"I didn't knock, fearing to start a scandal, and Annake has let food down the chimney from the roof."

"Really, mother," put in the girl, "we didn't know what to do, so we put off doing anything till now."

"Well," said the mother, "you two must be married at once. Don't stir from here till the domine comes."

The domine came, and rather and the mother of the groom were summoned, and after they were informed of the reasons for his disappearance.

This was the nearest to a scandal New Amsterdam ever came.

A Sad Prospect.

"They say there's no fool like an old fool."

"That makes me shudder for the future. I've already been all the other kinds."—Kansas City Journal.

Men who are so afraid of doing foolish things that they lack the courage to attempt wise ones will never do much.